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The Right Way

KATHRYN MILLER

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THE RIGHT WAY

A FAIRY TALE WITH A SCIENTIFIC FOUNDATION

BY

KATHRYN MILLER

There is only one way to the Kingdom of Intelligence, and that is Reason. There is only one door to the Kingdom of Intelligence, and that is Understanding.

—Walter.

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PROLOGUE

WE, of the grown-up world, are often sorely puzzled as to why there should always be such a long and tortuous journey between Everyman and the Far City of His Desire. We grieve to see the baffled hopes and bitter disappointments of those we hold dear. But when we find *ourselves* in

some vale of disappointment, then indeed do we cry aloud in our distress, and wonder why we were ever born if we must suffer so. We seem not to see the path ahead of us, which leads ever onward to that City where we would go. We take no notice of the glories which lie all about us,—of the flowers, the trees and the birds which fill the woods through which our path lies. We think only of the fact that we cannot seem to attain our Great Desire as quickly as we would like.

We do not seem to know that with our present erring sense of people and of things, there are many lessons we must learn, many obstacles in the way of erring beliefs which we must overcome, before the gates of that City will swing open at our touch. Least of all do we seem to understand that the cruel and jagged stones in our path, and the briers which tear our clothes and prick our hands are the product of our own erring thoughts, from which we would never desist were it not for the sad experiences

they bring sharply to our consciousness. They are oftentimes the lessons we need most to learn,—to teach us patience, forbearance and right thinking. Little do we think that out of the common tasks of every-day, we may gain such lessons and form such characters as will win for us a welcome wherever we may go, and finally lead us on to that City of Our Desire which now seems so far away from our unhappy sight.

But each one must be his own Alchemist, and trans-

mute the common tasks of his *own* daily life into that richness and broadness of character which is the mark and measure of the God Man. There is no Marvelous One other than mind, who moulds all things according to His Will, and brings each to that Perfect City through self-unfoldment; and all must tread this path. Every individual is the guide and guarder of his fate, and moulds and forms his good or bad experiences whether or not he knows this to be true. The flowers by the way-side may

teach a lesson, the birds may send a message, others who have trod the path before may leave signs which point the way of perfect unfoldment, but each one must learn the lesson and follow the sign for himself. *Such* is the Way of Life.

The little tale of Wilbur and his search for The Right Way is a Fairy Story which yet holds many scientific facts. It will entertain the children while yet it teaches them. It will enable these little ones to avoid or more readily overcome some of those trials

and difficulties which we of the grown-up world have passed through so slowly. It will help them to more easily find the one true road which leads to success and happiness in life. Perchance it may also enable the grown-ups, who read it to the children, to see the Way more clearly and to press on with renewed courage toward their own City of Desire.

Hence to the Story!

THE STORY

ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Wilbur. He lived in a large house which, when viewed from a distance, was very impressive with its many gables, towers, windows and such, but upon close observation all the grandeur was but a seeming. On the inside, the same make-believe

held sway. About the house there lay immense gardens with plants and bushes, but no flowers ever blossomed there; trees in plenty, but no good fruit. To this lad, whose soul was sensitive, it seemed that all about him was pretense and hypocrisy, —a sham to befool the passers-by.

While he was still a child, Wilbur had read in the Good Book, the story of a great city which was wondrously beautiful. Every part of the city was described in minutest detail,

and the glories were marvelous to contemplate; but to the boy, the most wonderful of all was this,—that anyone who reached that city should know the fulfillment of every right desire. Just as it is with all Youth, so there were many, many things which the boy Wilbur wished to attain. And so he determined that when he was grown to man's estate, he would set forth to find this place; and with this end in view, he wove all the golden fancies of his boyish dreams about the

wondrous beauty of that City which the story said, lay foursquare.

He had read that there was but *one* road which led to this City, and but *one* gate through which to enter it. After a time he could no longer content himself with his rosy dreams, and so impatient did he become that finally, while still but a lad, he set forth in search of this *one road* which would lead to the City Foursquare.

The first road that he came to was but a well beaten path. It wound

round and round, and was always surrounded by woods so dense that no ray of sunlight ever penetrated them. There seemed to be many people traveling this road and prowling about these woods, but so dark was it that he could distinguish no forms. All things seemed moaning and afraid. Once the path crossed a loathly swamp, all filled with slime and creeping things. Wilbur's courage almost left him, but he though: "Perhaps it is to test my courage," and with that he

clenched his hands and went on and on. After many days of horror and of fear, he came to the end of the road, but it was not his Perfect City of Fulfilled Desire which he saw, for the people told him it was the Land of Nowhere.

Wilbur was so heartsick at his failure that he scarce knew what to do nor where to turn, when suddenly there appeared before him, a Fairy, so lovely and so fair that it seemed incongruous for her to be there in that dank, dark wood.

Wilbur was so surprised that he bluntly exclaimed: "Who are you?"

"I am the fairy Persistence," she whispered. "Listen to me! This is not the road for which you are searching. This path winds around in a circle, and leads to nothing at all, save this Land of Nowhere. Come, try again! Perchance you will find The Right Way, next time."

With the fairy beside him, Wilbur turned to retrace his steps homeward. When he came to the dread-

ful swamp, he asked the fairy, "What is this swamp?"

The Fairy said: "This is the Slough of Despond. Had you stopped there on your way up, you would never have found me."

The next morning Wilbur made a little sign which read:

This is the Road of Superstition and Mysticism.
It Leads Nowhere.
Follow it Not!

And he took the sign and tacked it to a tree which stood at the beginning of

the road which he had traveled the day before. He did this so that others who were searching, might be saved the horrors of his trip upon that pathway.

Having met the good fairy Persistence, he was not daunted by the failure of his first attempt, and set out upon his quest once more, with high hopes that this time he would be successful. After a little while, he came to a pathway which seemed broader and plainer than the first, and he ventured down it, for, thought

he, "See how many people are going that way." It was surrounded by woods, but seemed not quite so dark and fearsome as the first one had been. The road was plainly marked, and many people were passing up and down. Wilbur pressed on with renewed courage, thinking that he had found the right road because so many others were traveling that way. Several times he saw a good fairy just ahead of him but did not stop to ask her name or the way, but hurried on,

and for many weary days he did not see the City.

At last the path ended in a dark and loathsome pool, and it was the Pool of Disappointment and Failure. The banks seemed made of quick-sand, and before he knew it he had slipped into the dark waters of that pool. It was frightfully cold and gruesome, and in spite of his best efforts to swim shoreward, he could see that he was being drawn into a mighty whirlpool where he would surely perish. Summoning

all his forces, he made one mighty effort and in a few seconds reached the bank, wet, cold and tired, but glad that he had escaped the terrors of that pool. Looking up he saw a fairy beside him, and asked: "Are you the fairy Persistence?"

The fairy smiled and replied: "No. I am her sister, Determination. Had it not been for your strong determination while in the pool, you would never have reached shore and found me. But this is not the road, my boy, this is not the

road which you desire. This is only the road of Blind Religious Belief, and does not lead to Truth. Follow me, and I will lead you to your home."

That night he made another sign, and placed it at the entrance of that road; it read:

This is the Road of Blind Religious Belief. It leads to Bitter Disappointment and Blank Failure. Do not travel on this road.

With thoughts of the two fairy sisters, Persistence and Determination, ever be-

fore him, Wilbur started out the next day to try again. By and by, he came to a little path so beautiful and so lovely that he was certain at once that here indeed was the way for which he had been seeking so long. He stopped for just a moment at the entrance, and had he looked about, he would have seen the good fairy, Reason, beckoning him not to venture on that road. But so befogged were his senses with the glamour of that pathway, that he did not

see the fairy, but set off to follow the road.

On every side were beauties indescribable, and Wilbur went singing and dancing along, so happy that he thought his heart would burst with the sheer joy of it all. The brooks were laughing o'er their stones, and the wind was sighing through the trees; the flowers were smiling up at him, and the birds were singing lustily. Everything was as merry as a marriage feast, and the boy's heart was gay.

As if this were not enough of happiness, at the crest of the next hill he saw, Oh joy of joys! the City of His Desire, spread out before him. Its mosques and minarets were gleaming in the sun; the great domes and the massive walls, all were there; but so airy seemed its substance that he thought it must be made from out the figment of his dreams, —and yet seemingly 'twas there in all its glory.

After the first full glance, he rushed forth with leaping hope and a wild cry of

joy. Down hill and up he ran, always with that vision of beauty before him. But whenever he would come up to where he thought the City lay, it was not there, but would seem to be at the brow of the very next hill. And so he went on and on, until his throat was parched, and he was well nigh spent; but still he staggered forward, for always just ahead he could see that vision of the City where he desired to go. But he never seemed to quite catch up with it, and at last he sank

down in a heap of utter helplessness; when he looked again, the City was gone, and he could not see it anywhere. Like a mad man, he raged against the irony of Fate. Entirely forgotten where the two fairies, Persistence and Determination, neither did he see the third fairy, Reason, observing him with pitying gaze as he continued in his rage.

At length utterly worn and tired from his weeping, he sat on a stone and placed his head between his hands to think. After a

time he happened to glance about him, and there right at his side, was a fairy. Almost angrily, he snapped out the words: "Which one are you, Persistence or Determination?"

The fairy's face glowed with radiance of promise, as he remarked: "Neither, I am their brother, Reason. Come, arise and follow me. I will lead you to The Right Way."

As Wilbur arose to follow Reason, he saw Persistence and Determination on either side of the fairy Rea-

son. He asked in surprise: "What! you here, too?"

The two fairies answered: "Oh yes, we are always with our brother Reason, but many individuals do not heed us at first. But come, let us be on our way."

"Just a moment," said Wilbur. "I wish to place a sign at the entrance of this path, to warn others."

And the sign read:

This is the Road of Imagination, A mirage of loveliness, with no substance in it.

Waste no time here!

Then he went willingly with the three good fairies, and at once they led him to a broad white highway which was smooth and straight and solid. The sunshine made it bright and cheerful, for it was not dense with woods and dark, nor were there any loathsome swamps as on the other paths. There were stately trees and shrubs; flowers enough to make it beautiful; and far away on either side, he could see broad vistas of beautiful scenery.

He turned to the fairy Reason, and said: "I must have passed this road many, many times. How is it that I never saw it before?"

"It was here all the time," Reason said; "but Satan (erring human belief) hid it from view by a seeming hedge fence. However, the hedge is not real,—just walk through it and see."

Wilbur walked toward the hedge with the fairy Reason at his side, and noticed that the nearer he came, the thinner became the hedge. When quite near

he hesitated just an instant, but Reason said: "Walk right along, there is nothing there."

Wilbur did so, and when he felt he was through the hedge, he looked back to observe it, but to his astonishment he could now see no hedge. The fairy Reason smiled as he said: "Did I not tell you it was but a seeming? And anyone can prove it for themselves, if they will only go ahead and use their reason as a guide."

"There are so few people here," said Wilbur. "There

seems to be almost no one on this great, broad highway, for only now and then do I see another besides myself."

"Yes, it is that way with people," said the fairy. "They never seem to want to take The Right Way. The other roads are terrible, and they cause so much trouble and distress; yet people seem to want them, and never listen when I (Reason) tell them of this good road."

Wilbur made quite a journey on the road that

day, but when night began to fall, he hastened back to his home from sheer force of habit, but as he crossed the threshold, the house fell in ruins about him. He drew back in fear and wonder at what had happened. Then he walked about among the ruins and wept, because he had lived in this house for years and years, and there were many things which he held very dear. After some time, he sat down on a bit of the ruin and began to question within himself as to what

had caused this thing to happen. All night he struggled with the problem, but when the first rays of dawn broke through the clouds, he saw his fairy friends and cried aloud to them: "My house has fallen in ruins about me. What shall become of me now, for I no longer have a roof to shelter me nor a place whereon to lay my head."

Clear as crystal, came the answer: "This house was the house of Human Belief, builded upon the shifting sands of erring supposition

and misunderstanding. It is sheer ignorance of the real Substance of Life which causes the people to build on such a treacherous foundation."

"But it was so very large and seemed so strong, that I cannot see how it could fall down," said Wilbur.

The fairy Reason replied: "These human beliefs look impressive and intricate, but they have no sure foundation because they are devoid of all Truth or reality. When once you start to travel on the High-

road of Reason, you cannot return to your old beliefs, for you will find that they have fallen away until there is nothing left to them. You must return to the Right Way, and henceforth follow that only which is true to Reason."

Wilbur sat quite still for a while, thinking about this advice, but of course he decided to do what the fairy had told him. However, before he left his old home for the last time, he made yet another of his little signs which were to help

other seekers. He hung it low down on a tree at the entrance of the True Reason Road, so that even those who were running might read, and none might complain that it was so far above them that they could not see it. With all his heart, the lad hoped that everyone would read this sign:

The Highroad of Reason. It leads straight to the Kingdom of Intelligence.

Come! all ye that labor and are heavy laden, for here shall ye find rest.

By this time, the sun was

high in the heavens and everything was warm and bright, and Wilbur passed on down that True Way which he had found. The walk was solid under his feet for it was firmly based on the Rock of Truth. Each day he learned some new Truth; each day he grew in grace; each day there unfolded in his consciousness a sense of greater poise and power, and the calm, steady confidence which are necessary to form the character of the God Man.

The Good Fairies were ever with him to guide his steps and teach him, for even after he had found The Right Way, there were still many things which he had to learn before he could hope to reach the City Foursquare. There were many discouraging hours when he was ready to give up all of Truth and return to his old belief ways; but the fairies, Persistence, Determination and Reason, helped him to understand The Way to fulfill his desires and make his ideal

come true. The first thing which the Fairies taught him, was this:

Mind is the only Power in the universe.

Reason explained to him that he himself was Mind, and could control the nature of his thought. Through great pain and suffering, he learned the lesson that if he stubbornly persisted in thinking wrong thoughts (ugly things which were hateful or angry, or even just unhappy and discontented), why then before long he felt sick and

wretched, and found himself going backward on his journey. At first he could not believe that his sick and miserable condition was caused by the hate, anger and discontent which he had been thinking. But after several bitter experiences, he was forced to admit that this was true. Soon after he found this out, he learned his second lesson, which was this:

Right Thought is the Healer of all disease, and the harmonious adjuster of every discord.

After he had discovered that his own wrong, evil, ugly thoughts caused him to be sick and miserable, it was but one more step ahead for him to learn that his own right, good, happy and loving thoughts destroyed the evil conditions and sickness, and that through constant right thinking, he could always be healthy and happy. This enabled him to take great strides forward on the Right Road. He was filled with joy when he found this to be true, for he wished to be

well and happy; also, he wanted more than anything else, to reach the end of his journey and the fulfillment of his desires.

So eager was he, that the fairy Reason very soon decided that he was ready for the third lesson:

Right Thought is the All-Powerful Force of Mind, God.

Wrong Thought is but a seeming force, and powerless.

At first he could not understand just how this could be, for he erringly thought that wrong as well as right

thought had power. But after thinking deeply about it, he saw that when he thought in a right and good manner, why the wrong and ugly thoughts just disappeared from out his consciousness,—so they never had any power and could not have been real, for a real thing can never disappear but always remains a fact.

Then, too, the fairies explained to him that the perfect always remains and is always true. In belief, he might disturb his harmony

with angry, sick, discontented thoughts, but the good and harmonious would always remain, untouched and unchanged by the seeming evil which would seem to hide it from view. But all he would have to do in order to find the good in himself again, would be to cease the wrong thoughts by thinking rightly and correctly, and lo! the good would be right there with him as bright, cheerful and perfect as ever it was. So he was finally convinced

that wrong thought is powerless nothingness, and that Right Thought is the Great Force which remains always —unchanged and unchanging Fact.

So interested did he become in his delving after Truth, that he spent almost every instant in thinking of this subject; but still he did not reach the end of his journey, nor did he seem to be much nearer the City of His Desire. It was necessary for him to learn that:

Continual or Habitual Right Thought is necessary before Harmony can be permanent.

This was his fourth lesson, and the most difficult of all to put into practice. It sounded easy enough when Reason told him, but when he tried to *do it,* it seemed well nigh impossible for him to think rightly, always. Many a time, he became so discouraged that he would cry out and give up in distress; but the fairies, Persistence and Determination would encourage

him, and after a time he would always rise up, clench his hands, and say: "If that is the way in which to fulfill my desire, then *I can do it*." And then he would go on again.

Each disappointment was a little less severe, each time it was just a little easier to get up and go on again. And so, after many weeks and months of continued effort, he found himself one morning, at the foot of a high hill, and saw this sign:

The Road of Earnest Endeavor. It leads to Habitual Right Thought.

Wilbur at once determined to follow the road of Earnest Endeavor, and when evening came he arrived at the summit of the hill of Habitual Right Thought. He now looked about him, and found to his great joy that look where he would, there was nothing to obstruct his view, for he had worked his way to the highest hill. He noted that the sun was setting in a glory of red and gold, and straight

ahead he saw a City which was very large and very beautiful, and it lay four-square.

After he had feasted his eyes and heart for many minutes on the wonders and the glories of that City, Wilbur turned to the good fairies, all his eager young soul shining in his eyes, as he asked them: "What is that, which I see out yonder?"

They smiled very tenderly, and Reason answered him: "That is the True City of Thy Desire. It is the

Kingdom of Perfect Intelligence. You have followed the path of True Reason; you have formed the Habit of Right Thought; and so you will soon reach the State of Perfect Understanding."

"It is very, very wonderful," said Wilbur. "It is worth all the trouble and heartaches which I have had, just to be able to see it."

Then Reason continued: "The four walls of that city which you see in yonder golden haze are,—Life It-

self, Right Thought, True Feeling, and a deep Understanding of Fact. When once you are inside these walls, you will have reached that place where you wished to go, and then you will be able to obtain every right thing which you desire."

By this time, the boy had learned the difference between the Real and the Mirage which his imagination painted; and he knew that what the fairies said, was true. At last he had reached that place where

his thought was almost always on the right side, and having accomplished this much, he could look ahead and see that through the application of his right thought, he himself could bring to pass all those things which he so desired to obtain. Then, and then only, did he fully understand that continuous right thought is a force which will accomplish any good thing toward which it is directed. He also understood that this is the only *certain* way in which to obtain

success, and fulfill the desires of the Soul.

He thought deeply on this subject for some time, and reasoned it all out carefully. Then he turned to the good fairies who were beside him: "Who sent you to help me?" he asked.

With a happy smile, Reason answered for all: "We were not sent. We are that part of true consciousness which dwells in each individual, hidden perhaps by a maze of fear and doubt but still it is always there. It will lead each one

straight on to the fulfillment of every right desire, if he will but lift his head above the mist, and allow the Truth and Love within to guide him onward to that state of perfect intelligence where all is peaceful, harmonious, good and beautiful."

EPILOGUE

AND now, dear children, the story is finished, but there is still something very important to tell you. Each one of you have many ideals which you hope to realize when you "grow up,"—isn't that true? Perhaps the boy wishes to be President of the United States, or a great engineer, or a fine

lawyer. And the little girl, —maybe she wants to be a Grand Opera singer, or a designer of beautiful gowns, or just the keeper of a lovely home.

If you have these ambitions and wish to accomplish them, then do as Wilbur did, and form the *habit* of Right thinking. Start now, to blot out of your mentality, every wrong, angry, sick or discontented thought. Instead of such thoughts, always keep your mind *filled* with healthy, happy, harmonious and

loving thoughts. You will soon learn what a force for good your right thought is, and you will come to see that this is the true and only way in which to make your ideals come true.

Start in by making a game of it. *Pretend* that you are the Porter at the door of a large hotel (which is your mentality), and that it is your business to allow only desirable guests to enter this hotel (i. e., you are going to allow only right and good thoughts to enter your mind). If any

wicked looking or dishonest ones came to your hotel, you would stand firmly in front of the door and say: "No. You cannot come in here." And if you were very firm, they would go away. But if they saw that you were weak or afraid, why they would probably push you aside and go in. It is just so in watching your thoughts. If sickness, anger, hate or dishonesty come to your mind and want in, you must be very firm and say: "No. I will not think such

thoughts." You must be *positive*, for if you are afraid or double-minded, then it is very easy for the wrong thoughts to get in. But just stand firm, and say: "No, I will not think such thoughts. I think only good, right and happy thoughts all the day long." If you will *keep doing* this for a while, the wrong thoughts will soon go away; then you will be happy again.

Try it, dear children, both little and big; and after a bit you will become

so interested in the game that you will just love to do it. Then pretty soon, you will begin to see how powerful your own right thought is; and how happy, well and good you feel when you are always thinking just the right kind of thoughts. If you keep on with this, you will gradually learn just how to make your biggest and best ideals come true. You will learn that Thought is really the greatest force in the universe, and when once you know exactly how to use it,

you can accomplish great things and fulfill the dearest and best of your desires, without any difficulty whatsoever.

The disappointments and failures come only because you have not been thinking right, persistently. Find The Right Way and stick to it, then all will come right for you. There is so much good in the universe that each one can have all the good which he desires, and still he will be robbing no one for there is enough to make every one healthy,

happy and successful at all times.

A great many people in the world to-day, are finding that what I have said is true, namely, that Mind is the only Power, and Thought is the greatest Force in the universe. Through earnest, honest and unceasing endeavor, each child and each grown-up may gain the habit of continuous right thought. When once correct thinking has become habitual, it is but the natural and easy

thing for each one to externalize the conditions he most desires, through and by the application of his own right thought. When this is accomplished, everyone will be healthy and happy, prosperous and successful. Then indeed the Kingdom of Heaven (the Kingdom of Perfect Intelligence) will be here on earth with us. But this millennium will have to take place within each separate individual consciousness, for did not the Master say:

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The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.

—Luke 17:21

THE END

The Right Way

If the grown-ups who have read this story, wish to know more of the Truth of Life, and of the Way which leads to that City foursquare, let the fairy Reason whisper into their ears that there is an individual by the name of William Walter, who lives on New York Street, at number 326, in the city of Aurora, and the state of Illinois. He has written many books and booklets, and every one of them contains the plain, unveiled facts concerning Life, Truth and Love, and how to make your ideals come true. In his writings there is food indeed for the weary traveler, and meat and drink for those who are hungering and thirsting after the facts of existence. If you write to him and enclose a two cent stamp, he will tell you about his books.

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